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HEAVENLY MESSENGERS.

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God's little Messengers! hast thou ne'er seen
Their sweet smiling faces in many a dream,
And felt the soft brush of a tiny wing
As though 'twere a light breeze murmuring?
Thine eyes were closed, so thou couldst not see;
But heavenly messengers watched with thee.

HAST thou ne'er heard, or seemed to hear
A whisper of love in thy 'wakening ear;
Or felt a soft hand on thine eyelids rest
When thou grew aweary and longed for rest?
Thou wert all too drowsy to know or hear,
But heavenly messengers lingered near.

HAST thou never known, when all was still,
How a sweet song seemed to roam at will,
'Till thy heart for very joy sang too,
Tho' what the strain thou never knew?
Thou thought a singing wind went by
But heavenly messengers were nigh.

HEAVENLY Messengers, spirits of love,

Bearing us joy from the world above.

Hovering near wherever we stray,

Guarding and guiding our earthly way.

Then joy whatever thy portion be,

For heavenly messengers 'bide with thee.

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